



A short chapter in
Historic Gourmet Miracles

S. LaRue – 2/16

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This is an exercise of sorts. I'd not planned on anyone reading it other than a close friend that had suddenly become somewhat less so. During a transitional phase of my life wherein much hoopla swirled around me, she remained at my side, a true friend if ever I'd had one.

I'll not be waxing-philosophic about her choice to distance herself. I have my theories but they're mine and may not bear any resemblance to reality. She had her reasons and that's good enough for me.

During the period wherein she became more and more scarce, I expressed my dismay and eventually came to accept my new role in her world as 'acquaintance.' The following was written about midway through her process of shedding me and is altogether too familiar for most to grasp.

She is my intellectual equal, probably my *better* and we would often speak to one and other assuming any number of 'characters' we'd established over the years, knowing the other would understand, when, as an example we'd become cave dwellers with single syllable grunts and clicks making up our vocabularies.

This exercise was that of presenting an extended metaphor, one that held your interest, strung you along in a way that invited you to let your guard down, enjoy the story as it unfolded in unusual ways. When I felt she may have been drawn into the story sufficiently, a blow could be delivered, some statement referring to our deteriorating friendship could be inserted.

It's written in the voice of a dullard , a younger person without the social graces maturity sometimes provides. The word 'Bumpkin' comes to mind and I think is fitting.

There are politically incorrect references made. Younger Bumpkin types make statements they don't understand and I didn't deny this young fellow his ignorances as I wanted him to appear authentically Bumpkinish.

If you're offended by politically incorrect speech, such as racial epithets, slurs, nicknames and assumptions, may I suggest you get over yourself? I'll not bother with your concerns here cuz I'm trying to share an excerpt from a personal communique between myself and an acquaintance, but if you're bothered by what this Bumpkin has in his imaginary mind, I invite you to look around at the world we live in, as opposed to reading this.

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The Story Proper

It got started about 1000 years ago, by these wisenheimer Jew farmers. They were the butchers in this tiny burg and being Jews, they wanted to make sure they made every penny they could, cuz you know, 1000 years ago a penny was like 3 or 4 now! Crazy shit, right?

In the town, well, not IN, but on a noisy stinky farm outside town, WAY outside, some dude raised all manner of foul. Turkeys, ducks, chickens, koala bears, geese and he had some bunnies too! When these amyounals were of butchering age, the bird dude would waste 'em, toss 'em in a bag and take 'em to the butcher guys.

Bird dude was always trying to figure out ways to make his birdies bigger, fatter, less feathery (no Monsanto back in the day) and he'd taken to getting his little jew kids (I told you he was a Jew too, right?) to start shoving handfuls of ground up grain down their necks. The kids liked it and a couple of 'em got all over enthusiastic.

It was working! *The geese especially*, took to deep throating little jew fists right off, *at first*. The geese got bigger and shit. Geese are *totally* yappie and when one of the bigger kids got the idea to try and fuck one of 'em in the neck cuz it was all slimy and tight, the goose he'd chosen was a bull (the male geese are called bulls? WTF?) it felt humiliated and had struggled around, causing the kid to get ANOTHER kid (his sister!!!) to hold the goose down while he fucked it.

Afterwards the bull snitched on the kid to all the other birds and there was much kicking up of dust. That was about it though – they was birds an' they couldn't really do much but stomp around.

There's some kinda shit that fucks up yer junk when you neck-fuck a goose and the kid 's wiener turned kinda yellow, he got scared and showed his maw – told her about the goose fucking. She flipped the fuck out and called the dad and they both beat the shit outta the kid. His dad came in his room in the middle of the night and smacked him with a severed goose head for like 2 years or somethin'. It doesn't really matter for this story, but that neck-fucker kid developed a real bad stutter (hahaha).

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The butchers were all confused when they cut up the koala bears cuz they didn't know what bird dude was thinking, but he paid for it, so butcher guys chopped the little fucks up. Turns out later he (he, being bird dude) was using the koala meat to mix with the shit his kids weas ramming down the bird

throats.

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The butcher guys were trying to expand their business interests, which, 1000 years ago was a novel idea seeing as there wasn't no Morgan Freedman to suggest they focus on becoming pig-fucker-millionaires. But they'd started raising some amyounals on their place, made their wives do the work while they sat around snacking on gentile baby parts.

When they noticed the livers of the geese bird dude dropped off were like, fucking-mongo-huge, right? they saw dollar signs based solely on size – something that big oughta be worth somethin' to somebuddy, if only for the novelty. They had to come up with something to DO with those giant-ass livers.

The livers in the geese they were raising weren't nearly as big, which at the time was a good thing cuz nobody had thought up the whole patté thing yet. People that paid a couple of pennies for the livers were poor carrot merchants and people what had 'the rash' real bad and couldn't tell ya what they wanted – they got stuck with the livers. Back in the day they boiled 'em, and motherfucker – talk about gross!

The butcher guys were fussing about the livers and one of 'em decided it was time to get their wifeses involved, first of all for doing something wrong with THEIR geese (cuz their livers, a potential money machine of organ meat, maybe? wasn't big as a basketball, but they said something else cuz they weren't no basketball 1000 years ago and even if they was, how would a Jew know about it? Especially some hillbilly amyounal chopper on some farm where-ever it is that Jews used to *work, Jew Hell maybe??*), so they went in the house and smacked 'em around for a bit. Then while one of em was sitting on the gals, the other went and got a bag of nasty-ass liver and started shoving it in their faces (the wifeses), and tellin 'em they was gonna have to “Eat it RAW!!!” if they didn't figure out a way to make money with 'em. They didn't say money though, they were hollerin' bout shekels and Moses and yellin shit like, “*Look at what Grammaw Gefilte did with those lousy fishes! DISGUSTING! But DELICIOUS Already!*”

The wifeses promised they'd think of somethin' and claimed innocence in the area of feeding malfeasance, which got 'em smacked around some more.

Those butcher guys had to suffer thru some groady goose liver fuck-ups; mush, pancakes, breads, pickles, cakes and the like, while the wifeses espearuminted. Couple of people from other farms came by to see what all the yellin' was about and caught the butcher guys right in the act of punchin' out their gals for testin' all that crap on 'em. One of the witnesses ratted 'em out to the Rabi, he paid 'em a visit, sat around choking down goose liver tarts and consulting the Tora, eventually announced everything was to his liking and split.

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Bird dude was dropping off a bag of murder and both butcher guys, trying not to tip their hand about their liver plan, casually mentioned that, not only were bird dude's geese the biggest in Jewish poletree history, but the livers were becoming a problem cuz they were so big their tiny Jew trash cans were constantly full of great big livers. They asked him (him being the bird dude) what he was doing – it must be something different – nobody else's geese were the size of Shetland Ponies (I think they said

something like 'prize pigs' cuz there wasn't no mini-horses yet. No wait, they prolly didn't know about pork either....oh well, you get it, right?).

They (they being the butcher guys) were acting all put-upon-pie what with their lie about the disposal problem needing to be seen as them having a hardship bird dude had caused. Jews and Guilt go together like the Beatles and Communism, so bird dude whips off his little beanie and starts twisting it in his hands while he tries to wriggle off the disposal-problem-hook whilst these two muscled up assholes were snarling at him with meat cleavers in their hands. He spills the beans, except for the koala bear part. It was kinda late though cuz the butchers, knowing koalas being absurdly rare in Jew Hell figured they (they being the koalas) might have a part, however tiny, in the case of the giant swan organs, and had started raising 'em in the same pen as their geese.

**Note: Koala meat doesn't sell for shit, not just to Jews but to anybody, and when the butcher guys found out they (they being the koalas) weren't part of the freakishly large organ equation, they made their wifeses eat 'em as punishment for the espearumints. They, in turn (they being the wifeses) secretly fed the koalas to some gals in a sewing circle or some shit like that, and one of 'em died! So yeah, even in an emergency – no koala meat.*

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Some old hag from Germany made a boat rip to Jew Hell and went to stay with the butcher guys. She smelled nasty but she was all smarty-pants in the kitchen. Being old like that made her kinda stupid and slow and crazy a little (the kids were afraid of her). I don't know where she got the idea to add xmas spices to the liver, cuz those guys (those guys being the Jews) don't have fun for xmas but maybe someone had give 'em a fruitcake when the old hag was little or somethin'?

She was always goin' on 'bout desserts, how gentile babies weren't as tender as they used to be (pffft!) and this part is weird – she'd bitch alla time about magic underwear like the Mormons got. This was the main reason everyone thought she was a fuckin' kook (you know about how magic underwear works? cuz I want some fer sure).

She was havin' a spell one day, pretty bad one, wandered into the kitchen and while making a batch of saltines she happened to make some liver kinda deal that didn't taste like liver, or shit, or bad clams, or like any of the stuff the wifeses had offered up as food.

Saltines? How perfect is that shit right there! patté and saltines. Awesome.

The wifeses cornered her (her being the old bag, the stinky one, the one without no bruises) and asked her what the ever-lovin-fuck she'd done while the butcher guys were shoving that crap down their faces and dancing around singing the Happy Shekel song of their forefathers.

All the wifeses could get out of the old bag was “chopchopchopchop...” and the more frustrated the wifeses got the more animated she got (she being the crazy old hag) and was sorta whipping her arm up and down like she was doin' the choppin' until one of the wifeses sucker punched her in the stomach and she (she being the zombified old hag) hit the ground like a 20 pound burlap bag of borscht.

The wifeses, knowing they better cypher out what hag-de-la-cray-cray had done so they could side-step getting their bells rung later if they couldn't present a duplicate liver dish, went to the kitchen and snooped like motherfuckers. Sniffin' around, looking in the trash (yeah right!!) and finally they (they being the wifeses) just dragged the old hag in there. One held her up while the other one cracked her on the nose with a wooden spoon until she came around and told 'em what to do.

Bitches made a shitload of that stuff, took it to the temple and those fucks went mad!~

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Now it's all done by heartless farmers (Jews? Not sure) and machines that fucking pound that shit into geese while they're trapped in a goose-grabber thingy. Scars the hell out of em and now their throats get so fucked up they croak sometimes.

It was all the rage for a while until people that were nutty about it started getting the gout. These days most of it gets left at weddings and funerals and shit. People eat a little but it's kinda looked upon as a delicacy best avoided.

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This is the all weepy part here and if you think telling that horror story above was a picnic, I got news for ya. This part here? TOE-TALLY fucked up and sad and shit.

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So, what am I?

Hmmmm?

Chopped Liver?